

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLL'D WITH CARE"

VOL. XIV—NO. 15.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 694.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

BUT, severe as the sufferings of Agnes were already, a still greater pang awaited her. The keepers finding it a very difficult task to confine Fitzhenry, threw him down and tried by blows to terrify him into acquiescence. At this outrage Agnes became frantic indeed, and followed them with shrieks, entreaties, and reproaches; while the struggling victim called on her to protect him, as they bore him by violence along, till, exhausted with anguish and fatigue, she fell insensible on the ground, and lost in a deep swoon the consciousness of her misery.

How long she remained so is uncertain; but when she recovered her senses all was still around her, and she missed her child.—Starting up, and looking round with renewed phrensy, she saw it lying at some distance from her, and on taking it up she found it in a deep sleep. The horrid apprehension immediately rushed on her mind, that such a sleep in the midst of cold so severe was the sure forerunner of death.

"Monster!" she exclaimed, "destroyer of thy child, as well as father!—But perhaps it is not yet too late, and my curse is not completed."—So saying, she ran, or rather flew, along the road; and seeing a house at a distance she made towards it, and, bursting open the door, beheld a cottager and his family at breakfast—then, sinking on her knees, and holding out to the woman of the house her sleeping boy, "For the love of God," she cried, "look here! look here! Save him! O! save him!" A mother appealing to the heart of a mother is rarely unsuccessful in her appeal.—The cottager's wife was as eager to begin the recovery of the child of Agnes as Agnes was herself, and in a moment the whole family was employed in its service; nor was it long before they were rewarded for their humanity by its complete restoration.

That of Agnes was frantic as her grief had been.—She embraced them all by turns, in a loud voice invoked blessings on their heads, and promised, if she was ever rich, to make their fortune:—lastly she caught the still languid boy to her heart, and almost drowned it with her tears.

In the cottager and his family a scene like this excited wonder as well as emotion. He and his wife were good parents—they loved their children—would have been anxious during their illness, and would have sorrowed for their loss: but to these violent expressions and actions, the result of cultivated sensibility, they were wholly unaccustomed, and could scarcely help imputing them to insanity, a idea which the pale cheek and wild look of Agnes strongly confirmed; nor did it lose strength when Agnes, who in terror at her child's danger and joy for his safety had forgotten even her father and his situation, suddenly recollecting herself, exclaimed, "Have I dared to rejoice?—Wretch that I am! Oh! no—there is no joy for me!" The cottager and his wife, on hearing these words, looked significantly at each other.

Agnes soon after started up, and, clasping her hands, cried out, "O! my father, my dear, dear

father! thou art past cure; and despair must be my portion."

"O! you are unhappy because your father is ill," observed the cottager's wife; "but do not be sorrowful on that account, he may get better perhaps."—"Never, never," replied Agnes; "yet, who knows?"—"Aye—who knows indeed," resumed the good woman. "But if not, you nurse him yourself, I suppose, and it will be a comfort to you to know he has every thing done for him that can be done."—Agnes sighed deeply.—"I lost my own father," continued she, "last winter, and a hard trial it was, to be sure; but then it consoled me to think I made his end comfortable. Besides, my conscience told me, that, except here and there, I had always done my duty by him, to the best of my knowledge." Agnes started from her seat, and walked rapidly round the room. "He smiled on me," resumed her kind hostess, wiping her eyes, "to the last moment; and just before the breath left him, he said, 'Good child, good child.'—O! it must be a terrible thing to lose one's parents when one has not done one's duty to them."

At these words Agnes, contrasting her conduct and feelings with those of this artless and innocent woman, was overcome with despair, and, seizing a knife that lay by her, endeavored to put an end to her existence; but the cottager caught her hand in time to prevent the blow, and his wife easily disarmed her, as her violence instantly changed into a sort of stupor; then throwing herself back on the bed on which she was sitting, she lay with her eyes fixed and incapable of moving.

The cottager and his wife now broke forth into expressions of wonder and horror at the crime she was going to commit, and the latter, taking little Edward from the lap of her daughter, held it towards Agnes—"See," cried she as the child stretched forth its little arms to embrace her—"unnatural mother, would you forsake your child?"

These words, assisted by the caresses of the child himself, roused Agnes from her stupor—"Forsake him! Never, never!" she faltered out, and, snatching him to her bosom, threw herself back on a pillow the good woman had placed under her head; and soon, to the great joy of the compassionate family, both mother and child fell into a sound sleep. The cottager then repaired to his daily labor, and his wife and children began their household tasks; but ever and anon they cast a watchful glance on their unhappy guest, dreading lest she should make a second attempt on her life.

The sleep of both Agnes and her child was so long and heavy, that night was closing in when the little boy awoke, and by his cries for food, broke the rest of his unhappy mother.

But consciousness returned not with returning sense—Agnes looked around her, astonished at her situation. At length by slow degrees, the dreadful scenes of the preceding night, and her own rash attempt, burst on her recollection; she shuddered at the retrospect, and, clasping her hands together, remained some moments in speechless prayer:—then she arose; and smiling mournfully at sight of her little Edward eating voraciously

the milk and bread that was set before him, she seated herself at the table, and tried to partake of the coarse but wholesome food provided for her. As she approached, she saw the cottager's wife remove the knives, and leave a fork and spoon only for her to eat with. This circumstance forcibly recalled her rash action, and drove away her returning appetite.—"You may trust me now," she said; I shrink with horror from my wicked attempt on my life, and swear, in the face of Heaven, never to repent it; no—my only wish now is, to live and to suffer."

Soon after, the cottager's wife made an excuse for bringing back a knife to the table, to prove to Agnes her confidence in her word; but this well-meant attention was lost on her—she sat leaning on her elbow, and wholly absorbed in her own meditations.

When it was completely night, Agnes arose to depart—"My kind friends," said she, "who have so hospitably received and entertained a wretched wanderer, believe me I shall never forget the obligations I owe you, though I can never hope to repay them; but accept this (taking her last half guinea from her pocket) as a pledge of my inclination to reward your kindness. If I am ever rich you shall—" Here her voice failed her, and she burst into tears.

This hesitation gave the virtuous people she addressed an opportunity of rejecting her offers.—"What we did, we did because we could not help it," said the cottager.—"You would not have me see a fellow-creature going to kill soul and body too, and not prevent it, would you?"—"And as to saving the child," cried the wife, "am I not a mother myself, and can I help feeling for a mother? Poor little thing! it looked so piteous too, and felt so cold!"

Agnes could not speak; but still, by signs, she tendered the money to their acceptance.—"No, no," resumed the cottager, "keep it for those who may not be willing to do you a service for nothing;"—and Agnes reluctantly replaced the half guinea. But then a fresh source of altercation began; the cottager insisted upon seeing Agnes to town, and she insisted upon going herself: at last she agreed he should go with her as far as the street where her friends lived, wait for her at the end of it, and if they were not living, or were removed, she was to return, and sleep at the cottage.

Then, with a beating heart and dejected countenance, Agnes took her child in her arms, and, leaning on her companion, with slow and unsteady steps she began her walk to her native place, once the scene of her happiness and her glory, but now about to be the witness of her misery and her shame.

As they drew near the town, Agnes saw on one side of the road a new building, and instantly hurried from it as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her.—"Did you hear them?" asked the cottager.—"Hear whom?" said Agnes.—"The poor creatures," returned her companion, "who are confined there.—That is the new bedlam—and hark! What a loud scream that was!"—Agnes, unable to support herself, staggered to a bench projecting from the court surrounding the build-

while the cottager, unconscious why she stopped, observed it was strange the should like to stay and hear the poor creatures—For his part he thought it shocking to hear them shriek, and still more so to hear them laugh—"for it so piteous to hear those laugh who have so much reason to cry."

[To be continued.]

PETITION OF SUNDRY INJURED PERSONS.

WE, the subscribers, laboring under many great and pressing grievances, have thought proper to present to the public, a fair and candid statement thereof; hoping, they will receive the attention they merit.

WE, therefore, represent, that we have been for several ages, if tradition may be credited, in the possession of a certain right and privilege, given to us by the common consent of a large portion of mankind, viz. to cover the human body from below the hips upwards; in consideration whereof, we—or, at least, our ancestors, in their own name, and in the name of their posterity—agreed to defend the said part from the injuries of the weather; which agreement has, on our part, been strictly and faithfully fulfilled; but we have to lament, that, on the part of our injurers, the ancient contract has been faithlessly and shamefully broken: our privilege is invaded, and our very existence threatened, in consequence of our neighbor* being suffered to encroach on our territories to an alarming degree.

All these injuries have been committed, at the suggestions of a certain lady,† of a fickle, changable, and in many instances of a whimsical and capricious disposition; aided by a set of men,‡ whose fondness for innovation is notorious, and whose interest it is to encourage, and carry into effect the designs of the above-mentioned lady; who is continually interfering in our affairs, or those of our neighbors; giving territory to one, which she has taken from another: an instance of which occurred not many years past, whereby we gained, unasked, a considerable addition of territory; and we sincerely believe it was only done to make us feel our present injuries more sensibly. We must, however, in justice to the majority of our citizens, acknowledge, that they have not favored the designs of these innovators, nor given them any considerable encouragement. A certain respectable class,§ in particular, have acted with their usual good sense and justice, by giving each his due; for which we beg leave to present them our hearty thanks. But, as we have extended this statement to a considerable length, we shall now conclude with a short address to those who have been misled by the above-mentioned persons.

O! unjust and ungrateful race! you who have so long been sheltered under our wings; who have so often been defended by our power, from the chilling blasts of winter, and the oppressive beams of many a summer's sun, you have ungratefully aided and encouraged the late unjust attack upon our rights, and have therefore forfeited all claim to our protection; your triumph will soon terminate,—dark, cold and stormy weather at length approaches. Your shivering forms, bending beneath the howling blast, will in vain hope for our assistance,—you will lament your own rashness and folly in thus forfeiting our protection.

But as no evil is unmixed with good, we trust the rigors of the season will convince you of the value of our services, and induce you to restore to us our ancient rights.

SWANSDOWN WAISTCOAT,
CASSIMER WAISTCOAT,
VELVET WAISTCOAT.

* Pantaloon. † Fashion. ‡ The Tailors.
§ Coat and pantaloon. || The Quakers.

ANECDOTE.

AN English laborer, in Cheshire, attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper, who saw him go into the water, leaped after him and brought him safe to shore. The fellow attempting it a second time, the reaper a second time got him out; but the laborer, being determined to destroy himself, watched his opportunity, and hung himself behind the barn door. The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down; when, several hours afterwards the master coming into the barn yard, asked him "upon what ground he suffered the poor fellow to hang there?" "Faith," replied Patrick, "I do not know what you mean by ground, I know I was in good to him, that I fetched him out of the water two times—and I know too he was wet through every rag, and I thought to hang himself up to dry, and you know, I could have no

THE ROSES OF LIFE.

WHY should we complain of this life's dreary road,
Or the thorns and the pebbles, that in the path lay?
Has not Heaven a portion of reason bestow'd,
To pass o'er them lightly, or brush them away?
I'll gather life's Roses wherever I find them,
And laugh at the many who dread to draw near,
Who leave all their charms and their fragrance behind them;
Nor pluck the sweet buds, lest the thorns should appear.

There are cares and afflictions, in life to be known,
The heart may weep blood, though the cheek may be dry;

But in soothing another's, we lighten our own;
And soft drops the tear, that fills Sympathy's eye.
Sweet Sympathy, thou art the rose without thorns;
Dwell here in my bosom each care to beguile:
Thy beauty the cheerful heart ever adorns,
And draws from the sad one, a meek patient smile.

Grim Poverty too is a thorn in our way;
Ah! no, cheerful Industry stands by her side,
With lovely spring flowers, she makes the path gay,
And laughs at the cares and repinings of pride.
Come strew round thy violets, sweetly narcotic,
How calm and refreshing the rest they bestow!
The ambitious, the vain, or the tyrant despotic,
Such sweets cannot taste, nor such slumbers can know.

And see the gay world with which heaven has bound us,
Social mirth, sacred friendship, and chaste mutual love;
Snatch, snatch the fair blossoms, the storm gales round us,
Their beauty will fade, and their fragrance remove;
Then bend, humbly bend 'neath the storm as it passes,
Though the thorn, should be sharp that remains on the spray.

Friendship's blossom ne'er fades, and its perfume surpasses
The light summer flowers that flitted away.

THE PROVINCE OF WOMEN.

BY NANNAN MORE.

AS some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light;
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Expos'd abroad its languid colors fly,
Its form decays, and all its odours die.
So WOMAN, born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great;
To give domestic life its sweetest charm;
With feminine polish, and with virtue warm;
Festive of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but Heav'n's applause and her own;
Should dread no blame but that which crimes impart,
The censures of a self-condemning heart.
Heaven's ministring angel, she should seek the cell
Where modest woe and silent anguish dwell;
Raise the weak head, sustain the feeble knees,
Cheer the cold heart, and chase the dire disease.
The splendid deeds which only seek a name,
Are paid their just reward, in present fame,
But know—the awful all-disclosing day,
The long arrears of secret worth shall pay;
Applauding saints shall hear with fond regard,
And he who witness'd here—shall there reward.

WINTER. A SONNET.

A WRINKLED four old man they picture thee,
Old Winter! with a ragged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple tree,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Plodding alone through sleet and drifted snows,
Blue-tipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose
They should have drawn thee by the high-heap'd hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great arm chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth;
Or circled by them, as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubld spirit that disturbs the night,
Raving at times to move the languid fire,
Or tale the old October, brown and bright.

EPICURUM.

HARPALUS, dying, leaves the poor his all,
That from his hair UNPAIGNED tears might fall.

POMPOUS EMBASSY.

In the year 1795, when the Marshal Duke de Richlieu, went Ambassador from France, to Vienna, he made his entry into that capital with 69 coaches with six horses, and six others likewise with six horses prodigiously rich. The Ambassador's body coach was lined within and covered without with crimson velvet, over which was an embroidery of gold in relief, with fringes of gold; the four panels were embroidered with the arms of the Ambassador embroidered in relief; his cypher, embroidered in the same manner, filled the small side-panels; the large panel behind was ornamented with an embroidery in relief, as well as the imperial, the velvet of which was covered with large branches of gold embroidery likewise in relief, which uniting in the middle, formed a sort of flower;—the horses were brown bays, the harness of crimson velvet, covered with plates of silver gilt and point d'Espagne; and the the aigrettes of plume; crimson mixed with ornaments of gold.

The suite was no less brilliant; six horses clothed with red velvet, laced all over with silver, and the rest of their attire of silver stuff and fringes. Fifty footmen dressed in scarlet cloth, with broad lace of purple and silver; their hats embroidered and adorned with white plumes, and wearing silver hilted swords. Twelve hussars, holding in their hands silver clubs. Twelve pages on horseback, dressed in red velvet, embroidered with silver. The rest in proportion. The Governor of the Pages, Sub-Governor, Equerry, Sub Equerry, Swisses, twenty-four grooms riding on horseback, and leading horses. A more extraordinary circumstance will forever distinguish this entry from that of all other Ambassadors. The horses of the Duke's carriage, and the led horses in his suite, were shod with silver, held by a very small nail, so that on the road all of them lost their shoes, which were picked up by the people.

AFRICAN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Manner of solemnizing a marriage by the Mandingoes, FROM PARK'S TRAVELS.

WHEN the day for celebrating the nuptials is fixed on, a select number of people are invited to be present at the wedding; a bullock or goat is killed, and great plenty of victuals dressed for the occasion. As soon as it is dark the bride is conducted into a hut, where a company of matrons assist in arranging the wedding dress, which is always white cotton, and is put on in such a manner as to conceal the bride from head to foot. Thus arrayed, she is seated upon a mat in the middle of the floor, and the old women place themselves in a circle round her. They then give her a series of instructions, and point out to her with great propriety, what ought to be her future conduct in life. This scene of instruction, however, is frequently interrupted by girls, who amuse the company with songs and dances, which are rather more remarkable for their gaiety than delicacy. While the bride remains within the hut with the women, the bridegroom devotes his attention to the guests of both sexes, who assemble without doors, and by distributing among them small presents of kola-nuts, and seeing that every one partakes of the good cheer which is provided, he contributes much to the general hilarity of the evening. When supper is ended, the company spend the remainder of the night in singing and dancing, and seldom separate until day-break.

ANECDOTES.

ONE day, SWIFT observed a great rabble assembled in a large space before the deanery door, in Kevinsstreet, and upon enquiring the cause of this, was told it was to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the Beadle, and gave him his lesson what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell; and after ringing it some time among the crowd, bawled out, "All manner of persons concerned, are desired to take notice, that it is the dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to-morrow. So God save the King and his reverence the Dean." The mob upon this notice immediately dispersed; only some, more cunning than the rest, swore they would not lose another afternoon, for that the Dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them a second time.

THE Parisian belles continue to reject altogether the vulgar inconvenience of a pocket. They stick their fans in their belt, and lodge in their bosoms a slight purse of Morocco leather, in which are a few spare guineas. As to the ignoble handkerchief, it is in the pocket of some courtiers, to whom they address themselves in case of need.

THE SEA-BOY.

FULL many a time and oft
The Sea-boy sits aloft,
And cheerily whistles in the main-top shrouds;
Through lubbers-hole he thoughtless creeps,
And soundly 'midst the tackling sleeps,
High rais'd amidst the mischief-pregnant clouds!

His bosom's free from Terror's sigh,
Though round him forked lightnings fly,
And raging billows rock him in their foam!
He hears loud peals of thunder roar
Unnotic'd for he thinks no more
Than that the gale will kindly waft him home!

He thinks not of the raging wind,
But only those he's left behind,
Whose bosoms feel the throbs of anxious care;
He, lull'd by hope to fearless ease,
Undaunted, ploughs the stormy seas,
And sings of Kate, his lov'd and absent fair.

RARE INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

WHEN Sir Philip Sidney had read a few stanzas of Spencer's Fairy Queen, which was sent him by the author, he was so transported with the poem, that, turning to his steward, he ordered him to give the person that brought it fifty pounds; but upon reading the next stanza, he ordered the money to be doubled; and upon reading another stanza, he increased his bounty to two hundred pounds, saying to his steward "Prithce be expeditious, or I shall give him my whole estate."

ANECDOTE.

ACERTAIN Roman cobbler had taught a parrot to salute the Emperor as he went along the street, with these words—"Hail Caesar!" which the Emperor hearing, he gave him a royal price for his parrot. The poor man, overjoyed at his good luck, got another parrot, and attempted to teach her in the same manner; but having taken much ineffectual pains, he used to fret, and say, "I have lost my labor." Yet, at length, by daily repeating these words, the parrot had learned both sentences; and the next time the Emperor came by, it said, "Hail Caesar!" To which the Emperor replied, "I have enough such flatterers at home." The parrot, having her lesson perfect, rejoined, "I have lost my labor!" which the Emperor hearing, and pleased with the novelty, he bought this also, and settled a generous pension on the man during life.

REMARK.

THAT friendship which makes the least noise, is often the most useful; and a prudent friend, is generally of more service than a zealous one.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1802.

Wednesday morning about 5 o'clock the body of a Mr. ROBERT THOMPSON, was found by a watchman under a hoop in Murray near Greenwich-street. The body had several marks of violence, and one thigh and arm broken. The coroner's inquest sat, and we understand returned their verdict—wilful murder by some person or persons unknown.

FOOT PADS.

At a late hour on Tuesday night, a person was accosted near the new fort, ship yards, by a fellow, who after politely enquiring the time of night, drew from his side a pistol, and demanded his watch and money. The pistol was immediately seized by the gentleman, who was like to overpower the villain, when he gave a signal by a whistle and two accomplices rushed from an adjacent pile of lumber to his assistance. The cry of murder was then given by the gentleman, which rallied two watchmen, who we understand pursued and took two of the robbers.

On the 4th inst. while the laborers employed in digging away the bank behind the court-house in Baltimore, were engaged in undermining a considerable bed of clay, the whole mass suddenly fell upon them, by which four were completely buried; but, on obtaining immediate assistance, they were soon dug out, and happily, though several ton weight lay on each, neither of them received any serious injury.

A gentleman arrived at Baltimore from the Havana, after a short passage, informs, that the day before his departure from that place, an American vessel arrived from Bourdeaux, the Capt. of which reported that he had fallen in (at sea) with the fleet destined for St Domingo: they were under convoy of French and Spanish ships of war; the number of troops in the fleet were said to be 30,000.

On the 7th ult. the Governor of Cuba gave notice by proclamation, that all foreigners who are not authorized to reside in that Island in conformity to the laws, shall depart from it in one month from that day; those who do not will be treated with the accustomed severity. Those who have accounts unsettled for the introduction of provisions and other articles during the war, in neutral vessels, are to be allowed two months to settle them, reckoning from the 11th of December, which he says is sufficient time to bring them to a conclusion.

LATEST FROM FRANCE.

On the 8th December the Minister of Exterior Relations at Paris, presented to the First Consul, Mr. Livingston, the envoy extraordinary of the United States of America to the French Republic, also Mr. Smith, late American minister at the court of Lisbon.

The papers mention that Gen. Massena was nominated ambassador to Constantinople, and that he would immediately depart for his place of destination.

At Riga (Russia) on the 4th November, they experienced a most violent storm—28 vessels perished; amongst which was an English vessel with 11 seamen, all of whom, with the cargo, went to the bottom.

An article under the Constantinople head of the 26th of October, mentions, that since the restitution of Egypt, the price of rice and coffee fell considerably. The administration of Egypt is henceforth no more to be confided to Beys, but to Pachas, whose authority would be much limited. The Pacha of Cairo was already appointed. Osman Effendi and Cheriff Effendi were charged with the new organization of the country.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 9.

A most daring highway Robbery and Murder.

A country waggon, in which there were two men from Chester county, on their way home from market, was stopped early last night, between the Centre square Engine-house and the Middle-Ferry, by three foot pads, armed with pistols, and dressed in dark blue round-about jackets or spencers. When the waggon stopped, they told the countrymen that they must instantly deliver their money, or they would blow their brains out. While they were receiving from the person who sat in the back part of the waggon the little money which he had about him, (amounting to 4 shillings) the one who held the reins, and sat on the front seat, expostulated with them, and solicited them to desist, as they were but poor men. One of the robbers ordered him, on pain of death, to cease speaking; and, horrid to relate, these words were scarcely uttered before one of his bloody companions fired, the ball, it is said, penetrated his heart—he fell forward between the horses, and instantly expired! On which the villains fled. We regret that we have it not in our power to give an accurate description of the persons and dresses of those atrocious murderers. The deceased was a man of good character, and has left a wife and three children to deplore their loss.

Shortly will be published, an Original Novel.

Proposals (by Isaac N. Ralston,) for publishing by subscription, an original Novel, to be entitled,

MONIMA,
OR THE BEGGAR GIRL.

WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

CONDITIONS.

- 1 It is expected that this work will be comprised in one volume, of about 330 or 340 pages, duodecimo.
2. It will be printed on a neat type, and good paper, and be delivered to subscribers, handsomely bound and lettered, at one dollar, payable on delivery.
- 3 The work will be put to press immediately, and be continued with all possible exertion, till it is published.

Subscriptions received at this office.

FOR SALE.

A healthy Negro Wench, 22 years old,—sober, industrious, and honest,—sold for no fault. For particulars enquire of the printer. January 30.

COURT OF HYMEN.

AT each kind glance their souls unite,
While love's soft sympathy imparts
The tender transport of delight,
That beats in undivided hearts.

MARRIED.

At Hempstead, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. LOUIS HEWLETT, to Miss HANNAH HEWLETT.

On Sunday evening, the 10th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. OLIVER W. SMITH, to Miss MARTHA EATON, both of this city.

At Albany, on Wednesday evening last week, by the Rev. John B. Johnson, Mr. PETER BRICKERHOFF, merchant, of this city, to Miss ELIZA BLECKER, daughter of the late Rütger Blecker, Esq. of Albany.

On Thursday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. DENNIS DOYLE, to Widow FLANAGAN, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. ABRAHAM QUINTARD, of Stamford, to Miss CHARLOTTE DODGE, of this city.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

THE
VICAR OF LANSDOWNE,

A TALE,

By REGINA M. ROCHE, author of the Maid of the Hamlet, Children of the Abbey, &c.

Proposals are received at this Office, for printing by subscription, an entire new work,

THE LIFE OF JASON FAIRBANKS,

A Novel,

By a Gentleman of Massachusetts.

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY,

Sold by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented, A COMEDY, called,

Folly as it Flies.

To which will be added, the entertainment of the

Wild Goose Chase.

Vivat Respublica.

Just received, and for sale by JOHN C. TOTTEN, Chatham-square, near the new watch-house, and at this office,

The LESSONS of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America; selected from the Holy Scriptures: with an Exposition of all the Sundays and principal Holy Days throughout the year.—Also, An Explanation of the CATECHISM of said church.

EVENING TUITION.

MR. DUPORE presents his respects to the young Gentlemen of this city, and informs them that his EVENING SCHOOL, was opened on Tuesday the 24th inst. at the OLD ASSEMBLY ROOM, William Street. The subscription is now open at Mr. Dupore's house, No. 78 Courtlandt Street. Mr. D. requests those Gentlemen who intend honoring him with their attendance, to apply as soon as possible.

Nov. 28,

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by Appointment,

THE TRUE AND GENUINE

Dr. ANDERSON'S

OR THE

Famous Scots Pills.

For Sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,
AND OTHER POEMS,

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

COURT OF APOLLO.

ODE TO MY BROKEN QUART MUG.

WHENE'ER the cruel hand of death
Untimely stops a favorite's breath,
Muses in plaintive numbers tell
How lov'd he liv'd---how mourn'd he fell.
Catullus wail'd his sparrow's fate,
And Gray immortaliz'd his cat.
Thrice tuneful bards I could I but chime so clever,
My Quart my honest Quart, should live forever.

How weak is all a mortal's pow'r
To avert the death devoted hour!
Nor can a shape or beauty save
From the sure conquest of the grave,
In vain the Butler's choicest care,
The Mailer's will, the Butlar's pray'r!
For when life's lengthen'd to its longest span,
China itself must fall as well as Man.

Can I forget how oft my Quart
Has sooth'd my care, and warm'd my heart?
When barley lent its balmy aid,
And all its liquid charms display'd!
When orange and the nut-brown toast
Swam mantling round the spicy coast!
The pleasing depth I view'd with sparkling eyes,
Nor envy'd Jove the Nectar of the skies.

The hide-board, on that fatal day,
When thou in glitt'ring ruins lay,
Mourn'd at thy loss. In guggling tone
Decanters pour'd out their moan---
A dimness hung on ev'ry glass---
Joe wonder'd what the matter was.
Corks self-contrasted freed the frantic beer,
And sympathizing tankards drop a tear.

Where are the flow'ry wreaths that bound
In rosy rings thy chaplets round?
The azure stars whose glitt'ring rays
Promis'd a happier length of days!
The trees that on thy border grew,
And blossom'd with eternal blue!
Trees, stars and flowers are scatter'd on the floor,
And all thy brittle beauties are no more.

Had'st thou been form'd of coarser earth,
Had Nottingham but giv'n thee birth!
Or had thy variegated side
Of Stafford's sable hue been dy'd,
Thy stately fabric had been found,
Tho' tables tumbled to the ground---
The fine'd mould the fount will decay---
Hear this, ye Fair, for ye yourselves are clay.

SONG.

"WHEN married," they say, "that our love's at an end,
"In a wife we can neither find mistress or friend;"
But he who have try'd it, with reason can say,
"I never was happy till that happy day."

Since the day on which Hymen consign'd to my arms
My Celia, possess'd of a thousand soft charms---
So smooth and so happy the hours have run on,
Five years have elaps'd, and we thought it but one.

Our cares and our pleasures have still been the same;
And of sorrow, we're thankful, we know but the name:
We're mutually pleas'd in endeavoring to please,
And though we're not rich, still we live at our ease.

When crosses occur (who have not their crosses?)
As misfortune at times may subject us to losses---
Yet while they are trivial, in each other's arms
We can sleep without care, and are free from alarms.

The cyots must ere, when they say, "in this life
"There is nothing but folly, and madness and strife;"
I believe no such prating; their text I deny---
Take such wives as my Celia, and prove that they lie.

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, was the son of a tallow-chandler. A proud Duke once endeavor'd to mortify the prelate, by saying at the levee that he smelt of tallow; to which the other replied---"My lord, I am the son of a tallow-chandler, it is true, and if your lordship had been the same, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life."

MORALIST.

NO man, considered simply as a man, can be a just object of contempt. He, that was not too mean a creature for God to make and preserve, is not mean enough for us to despise. Man, considered as a being endowed with reason and intellect, by the inspiration of the Almighty, and designed for immortality, is to be regarded with real esteem---with a sort of veneration. Considered as a religious being, conformed to the character, and sharing in the peculiar favor of his Creator, he is to be honored, as one of the excellent of the earth. Viewed in circumstances of adversity, in sickness, poverty, bodily infirmity, or mental weakness, he is entitled to our compassion.

The distinctions, which take place among men and are the ground of one's boasted superiority to another, are but trifling in comparison with the grand points, in which they are alike. They are all creatures formed by the same hand, from the same materials, for the same purposes; all dependant, accountable, mortal. A few days ago, we had but an existence: in a few days more, we shall be forgotten; these bodies will lie undistinguished in the common mass of senseless matter; and the mind will take its flight to an unknown world, to exist in a new manner, divested of every circumstance of worldly distinction.

HERMAN GARDNER,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 91 BROAD-WAY,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting---At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of DISCONTINUING GIVING CREDIT on articles vendible by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payment a desirable object to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well as the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears to be equitable proposition. Jan. 23

REUBEN SUNN,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 60 WILLIAM-STREET.

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting---At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of DISCONTINUING GIVING CREDIT on articles vendible by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payment a desirable circumstance to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well as the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears to be equitable proposition. Jan. 23

JOHN READ,

No. 153 and 155 Water-Street,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Acknowledges the favors of his friends and the public, and solicits a continuance; but informs them, that as many difficulties attend the collection of small debts, will discontinue giving credit by retail. He hopes no offence will be taken, as none is intended.

NB. Orders thankfully received, and liberal credit given. New-York, Feb. 13, 1822.

TO LET.

From the first of May next, a genteel two story BRICK HOUSE, the upper part of Greenwich Street, directly opposite Lespinard's Brewery, containing five rooms exclusive of the garret; has a convenient Kitchen and roomy Cellar, a cistern in the yard, and a handsome garden, containing a variety of fruit and ornamental trees. The whole replete with every convenience for a genteel family. For further particulars enquire of WILLIAM FELL, on the premises, or JOHN HARRISSON No 3 Peck Slip. Jan. 16 1822.

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Tans, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most raucous and alarming scurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. Feb. 6.

JAMES ALWAYS, Windor Chair Maker.

Inform his Customers and the Public in general, that he continues to carry on his WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where Windor Chairs of every description, may be had on short notice and reasonable terms. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old Chairs, when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order; he will paint them green or any fancy color, at a very low price.

NB. All orders for painting Window blinds carefully attended to. January 30,

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-Street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Stroops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swag-down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

FOR SALE.

A large and elegant assortment of Looking Glasses, gilt and mahogany frames, by Carter, Cornell and Co. at their LOOKING GLASS WARE HOUSE, No. 113, corner of Pearl Street and Fly Market.

Also, just received, 30 boxes of Looking Glass Plates, and a quantity of the best Mahogany, suitable for cabinet work. Jan. 23. 91 at

J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-Street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store---where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillets, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe---with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale---A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservative for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new---To be had only at the above Store. Nov. 14.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Printed & Edited by JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]